

The Historie of

*Princ.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Po.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchiued, but wee le set vpon them.

*Prin.* Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

*Po.* Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we will change after we leaue them: & sirra, I haue cases of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

*Prin.* Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

*Po.* Well, for two of them I know thē to be as true bred cow-ardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fatter rogue will tel vs when we meete at supper, how thirty at least hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the iest.

*Prin.* Wel, Ile go with thee, provide vs al thinges necessary, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe: farewell.

*Poy.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Poyus.*

*Prin.* I know you all, and will a while vphold  
The vnyokt humor of your Idlenesse  
Yet herein will I immitate the Sunne,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother vp his beauty from the world,  
That when he please againe to be himselfe,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at  
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists  
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him.  
If all the yere were playing holy daies,  
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;  
But when they seildome come, they wisht for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:  
So when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

Henry the

By how much better then my wor  
By so much shall I falsifie mens ho  
And like bright mettell on a sullin  
My reformation glittering or'e my  
Shall shew more goodly, and attr  
Then that which hath no soile to  
Ile so offend, to make offence a sk  
Redeeming time, when men think

*Enter the King, Northumberland  
Scena tertia. Sir Walter Blunt with*

*King.* My blood hath beene too  
Vnapt to stirre at these indignities  
And you haue found me; for acco  
You tread vpon my patience: bu  
I will from henceforth rather be  
Mighty, and to be feard, then my  
Which hath beene smooth as oyle  
And therfore lost that Title of res  
Which the proud soule nere paye

*Wor.* Our house (my soueraign  
The scourge of greatnesse to be v  
And that same greatnesse too, wh  
Haue holpe to make so poorly.

*King.* Worcester get thee gone  
Danger and disobedience in thine  
O sir your presence is too bold an  
And Maiestie might neuer yet en  
The moody frontier of a seruant  
You haue good leaue to leaue vs:  
Your vse and counsel, we shall ser  
You were about to speake.

*North.* Yea my good Lord.  
Those prisoners in your Highnes  
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holme*  
Were as he sayes, not with such st  
As he deliuered to your Maicsty.  
Either enuy therefore, or misprisi  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my

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